OLD TIME JERSEY MORMONS.

BUT TWO LEFT OF THE ANCIENT BLU RIDGE COLONY.

How a Salt Lake Missionary Startled a Quiet Country Community and Made Mormon Them Thirty Years Ago.

(From the New York Star) The death of old Tom Perry, the greatest Mormon elder east of Utah and the leader in what was once a settlement of 250 of the Latter Day Saints, which occurred at Perryville, N. J., last week, virtually closes the history of Mormonism in New Jersey. Of all the old settlement but two. people now remainone, Adeline Meyers, an old maid, now residing in Hainesville; and the other, . Martin Recton, an old bachelor, hving away back in the Blue Ridge Mountains, fifteen miles from Deckertown. The

history of this community, as obtained from Silas Suydam, or "Whoa-boy Sile" as he is more commonly called, is an interesting one. In fact, old Sile himself is in an interesting story. Sile is one of oldest settlers in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and lives in what was once the very heart of the eastern Utah. Early one morning last week a Star reporter started from Deckertown to hear Sile's story of Mormonism. He found the old man suffering from rheumatism, contracted during the war, and for which he now draws a pension. After the usual remarks about the weather and the value of the horseflesh which the reporter had been driving, the latter said:

"Say, Sile, did you ever hear of a Mormon settlement up in this neighborhood?"

"Did I ever hear of it? Do I remem ber it? Well, I guess I do. I come pritty near bein' a Mormon myself them 'Long in the spring of '50, I think it was, when an old, long-haired pilgrim come marchin' into town one mornin He said his name was Lane, Elder Lane from Salt Lake City. He had a pack of paper-covered books under his arm, and he left one at every house. I think I got the one he left here yet. Just wait till I go in and see."

The old man walked into the house

and returned in a few minutes with a yellow-covered book containing about fifty pages, entitled "The Christian Way: A History of the Rise and Progress of

the Mormon Church, by Julius Lane."
"Thet ere book," said Sile, resuming his story, "is what did it. The wimmin folks got a hold on it an' read it over an' over, an' they'd get together an' talk about atween themselves. Old Lane didn't stop that time, but he came back in about a week an' writ out notices thet day. Thet was 'long about the middle of the week, I think, an' he spent the rest of the week goin' around nailin' these notices up on trees. Well, Sunday come, an' the whole mountain turned out to hear what the old man had to say. I was there 'long with my sister, Sallie Ann, an' I hed a lot of paper an' a piece of charcoal, an' I put down the Scripture notes that the old fellow read. I kinder thought he might lie a little, or read 'em wrong or suthin', don't you know, an' when I got ham I got down the old Bible, an' hunted up every one of the texts what he had read, an' by gosh, they were there, an' just like he'd said em, too. I thought I was a pritty good scriptorian myself, but some how I didn't recommember of ever havin' read them things before. There they was, though, in black and white, an' I came converted while attending the trained and numerous, scarcely a day couldn't go back on the Bible. It was meetings at Perryville while Elder Lane passes without a consultation with the them things before. There they was, the most devilishest hole I ever got into. I talked with some of the neighbors about it, and at last we decided to hold a meetin' unbeknownst to Lane to talk summer they would go off in the woods a meenn underhownst to Lane to talk it over and see what to do about it. We didn't just like the idea of goin' back on our Methodist brethren down to Sandisdidn't just like the idea of goin' back on ton, but we was agoin' to be right, brethren or no brethren. The night for the meetin' come, an' about thirty-five of us gathered in my house, this same old are living now.

house right here," pointing to the house.
"I thought we'd best open the meetin" with prayer for help to decide the ques- The leaders were a Mrs. Ray and a Mrs. tion, an' so I got up an' prayed the good Fox. No man was allowed to join this Lord to tell us which was right. Well, community, but if wanted to come and Lord to tell us which was right. Well, sir, maybe you won't believe it, but suthin' said to me, 'Sile, you'd best leave that galoot alone.' I heard it just as time there were as many as fifteen members to come and office he had been elected to. Grant is dead. Hancock was chosen as a more likely man to live through the Presidential of the had been elected to the had been elected to. Grant is dead. Hancock was chosen as a more likely man to live through the Presidential of the had been elected to the had been elected to. suthin' said to me, 'Sile, you'd best leave agreed to go away with her. At one that galoot alone.' I heard it just as plain as day. It come so suddint, by gosh, that I made up my mind on the spot to stick to the Methodists. It didn't seem to strike the others that way, seem to strike the others that way, though, for every mother's son of them one convert to Mormonism when it was

"Well, course one couldn't do nuthin' agin thirty-four, an' so they hed their way, an' Lane was invited to preach. He was more than willin' to, you bet, an' he kept right on Sunday after Sunday makin new converts all the time. By an' by, I guess 'twas after he hed been here 'bout six months, he got up in meetin' one Sunday, an' said: 'Brethren, we been here some time now alaborin' together, an' the church of God has growed up to be a big one. Part of our religion is to baptize, an' all of you must be baptized afore you can git to heaven.'
Then he said he would be astandin' on the shore of Lake Shipcong at 12 o'clock thet night, an' he would baptize all who hed jined the faith. Everybody wanted to see how it was done, an' so everybody was there. At exactly 12 o'clock old Lane stepped into the lake, an' about a minute after Ann Harrison, a young girl the only living female Mormon in Jer-minute after Ann Harrison, a young girl the only living female Mormon in Jer-about 20 years old, followed him. He sey. She is about 80 years old, and is a ready it has got out of the control of the of their condition when they were in commenced to sing a song, and then he douced her down into the water. He done this three times, an' then he asked for anybody else that wanted to be bap-story as "Whoa-boy Sile." She said that

tized, and young Tom Haggermann marriage in those days according to the stepped into the water. He was followed rites of the church was simply an agreeby twenty-one more, an' then they all ment on the part of the woman to obey went home. After this baptism they the man. There was no written contract, a-growin' until '55, when Lane said said: good-by an' left for Utah. We heard Aft afterward that he died on the road-anyway, we never saw him agin. "For 'bout three years there wasn't no

head an' the church died down. Then in '58 a fellow calling himself Ed Dockerty an' claiming to hail from New York came an' took charge. He brung with him two of the purtiest gals you ever see an' said they was both his wives. He was a dandy feller an' all the girls hereabouts was clean gone on him. He hadn't been here no more than three months before he married Sally Beebus, a nice young gal. The church growed while Dockerty was here, an' when he geography the other day, and came across left there was about 150 members. Along the word Rotterdam. He asked his good went to Texas, takin' his three wives with him. I hear he died shortly after his mother assured him that it would not him

he got there. "I went to the war just after that, and an' he preached an' bossed the parish until '69, when he disappeared one day nothin' was heard of him until about I saddest when he sits.

on the couldn t, and so the is sue was drawn right there, and that boy is now man of no other race would have dared to experiment with a pint of pearuts and man of no other race would have dared to experiment with a pint of pearuts and never tire of the crush, the chatter, the man of no other race would have dared to experiment with a pint of pearuts and never tire of the crush, the chatter, the man of no other race would have dared to experiment with a pint of pearuts and never tire of the crush, the chatter, the man of no other race would have dared to experiment with a pint of pearuts and never tire of the crush, the chatter, the man of no other race would have dared to experiment with a pint of pearuts and never tire of the crush, the chatter, the work as we play. The woman are beautiful and well educated drinks.—Chicago Herald. an' nothin' was heard of him until about I saddest when he sits.

month after, when his dead body was found up here in the woods near Fid-dler's Elbow. He was buried in great style. It was during Sparks' term when Tom Perry was converted. Tom was pretty well along in years—around the sixties, somewhere, I guess-but he became a red hot Mormon, an' he used to get up in the old school-house an' say the spirit moved him; then he'd talk an hour at a time, real smart, too. It was on account of this talking power that old Perry took charge when Sparks was one, and I think he had bout 150 wimmin and seventy-five men in his congre ration. The old school-house wasn't big enough to hold them, an' they held their meetin's outside. Old Tom had one wife when he jined the church, an' afore he got through he had eight. I hear they's all dead now. The old woman war 84 when she died, an' the voungest, a gal named Minnie, war about 22. 'Long in '72 or '73 Tom made up his mind to convert the whole country an' he made up a meetin' to discuss he question with the Methodists down o Sandiston. The meetin' lasted eight lays an' both sides claimed they got the pest of it, so it was put into the hands of committee to decide, but somehow hey never reported how it come out. '74 the thing commenced to dwindle. an' it kept gittin' lesser an' lesser until now, I guess, there's only two left. One of 'em is a cousin of mine, Miss Meyers, lown in Haynesville, an' t'other one is old Mart Recton, who lives up here a piece in the mountain on the road to lowhere. The settlement just below at

Shaytown, which was run by Charlie Abers, never 'mounted to much anyway, an', I guess, they're all gone now. Well, I must go to work. Much obleeged for ou fellers stoppin'. I don't see much of life up here.' After thanking Sile for his story cribe drove on to the old school-house where the meetings were held. It is a little old hut, not much larger than a good-sized dry goods box. At present t is occupied by Martin Cole and his amily, consisting of a wife and eight children. It has but two rooms, and these are used for cooking, eating and leeping purposes. Half a mile further up the road is Tom Perry's old place. On a little clearing by the road is the house where he was born and lived all his life. It is an unpainted wooden

building containing four rooms. There is a little shed in the rear. Tom was quite a character. He was born poor, nd by drudging and saving he succeeded in buying the land around his homestead, amounting to about 650 acres. Twenty years before he joined the Mormon Church he quarreled with his wife about a triffing thing, and they never spoke to each other until the night he was baptized. All that time they lived in the same house, cooked, ate and slept together, yet they never spoke a word to each other. He was the father of fourhe had by his later wives is not known. He had eighty-two grandchildren when he died. All are scattered in different parts of the country, none of them living

near the old place.

ing on the roadside near by one can see into contrast with the artistic moderning on the roadside near by one can see fifteen villages with the naked eye, the nearest one ten miles away. Four miles from the lake, on the old stage line turnpike, is Shaytown, which was also once pike, is Shaytown, which was also once on the contract with the arustic moderning man from whom he buys meal and mones that has prevailed since General Arthur and the Tiffanys renewed the did not harvest, leaving it as it grew in necessity for Mrs. Cleveland exercising for the year, and is satisfied. Like all the province of the domestic affairs. the leading elder in this place. He be- of the place, as the servants are well was in charge of them. Upon his return home he gathered around him a band of the rest of the household, admire their a dozen, and every Sunday during the young mistress as much as the public do. children, six of them girls, all of whom

A few miles back of Shaytown there was a settlement of Mormon women. voted to have the old sinner stay and prevalent. Why it was called Brick House is a mystery, as a brick is something probably never seen by the inhabitants of that village. Here is where the weary traveler eats, however, and if there is any one thing more than another that the proprietor of the Brick House Hotel knows about, it is feeding hungry people a good, square meal, giving a horse six quarts of oats, and asking the traveler when he has finished his meal whether he would like a little "chain lightning," or would prefer to "buck a stone fence." If he prefers "chain asked the Star. lightning," he gets apple whiskey straight, two drinks of which is warrant-

"Some did it, but I never tried it." After "bucking a stone fence" the in the fact that the only two living Mor-

He Was Punished.

A bright little boy was looking over his be wrong, he startled her by saying: "If cent scale. Sissy don't stop eating so much candy it will Rotterdam teeth out." And right what they done while I was gone I don't then and there that good mother took off know. It was just after I come back in '63 a feller come along named Sparks, an' he preached an' bossed the parish the preached an' bossed the parish the preached and bossed the parish the preached and the parish the preached and the parish the preached and the parish the preached are along the preached and the parish the preached are along the preached and the parish the preached are along the preached and the parish the preached are along the preached are along the preached and the parish the preached are along the preached and the parish the preached are along the

THE WHITE HOUSE BRIDE

Making the Mansion More of a Home and Less of a Club House.

(From the New York Sun. The daily routine of life at the White House has not been altered much since a bride came to preside there. A writer in the New York Sun savs that the President's habits have not yielded to the change in his domestic affairs. There is one more servant, a German girl, whom Mrs. Hoyt brought from Fayetteville with her, who will remain as Mrs. Cleveland's maid. But the presence of a mistress at the Executive Mansion would not be perceived by the casual visitor. A close inspection of the private portion of the house, however, shows that a woman's dainty hand and refined taste have passed over it, and the rooms look less like a club house and more like a home. Mrs. Cleveland and her friend have been overhauling the antique furniture, pulling one piece out of this room and pushing another into that, and at the west end of the private corridor they have fitted up a little snuggery, where they sit sometimes and exchange confidences. A piano has been taken up into one of the south chambers and that part of the house, which has so long been nusical and merry under the touch of their fingers. Visitors who are shown into the President's library nowadays hear unaccustomed sounds, a snatch of song lisclosed by an open door, or an echo of aughter, or a few notes of a piano gayly

When the President hears these sounds he often looks surprised and many a time leaves a pile of official papers on his desk, looks into the adjoining room to see what the girls, as he calls them, are up to and then returns to his work a nappier and more contented man. A Cabinet meeting was interrupted the other day and grave matters of statecraft were laid aside by a little confusion in which two girlish voices were apparent, but the interruption passed suddenly away and diverted attention was restored to the consideration of the fisheries ques-

Breakfast was formerly served at the White House at eight o'clock and the President was often at his desk an hour or so before. Now the breakfast hour is nine o'clock, and only once or twice since his marriage has Mr. Cleveland attended to any official duties before going down stairs. He usually passes into the library on his way to the dining room to take what telegrams or letters are lying upon his desk and runs through them while waiting for breakfast to be served. He gets into the official harness about an hour later than he used to do, and it is renerally ten o'clock nowadays before he egins work, when nine was the hour formerly. He pulls steadily along until half-past one, when, on every alternate day, he receives the public and then goes to luncheon, and afterward chats with he ladies for a few min a cigar.

During the morning hours Mrs. Cleve-

Jacksonville namesake to prove that

bachelors never die, thus: John Kelly thought Tilden too old and frail to run a second time as President. John Kelly is dead. The stalwart Chandler wrested the Presidency from Tilden.
Chandler is dead. Grant, it is said,
would have arrested and imprisoned TilThe relation of the whites and blacks den if he had attempted to claim the dates are dead. Meanwhile Tilden thinks there is nothing so invigorating as work-

ing away before the mast on his yacht.

"Mr. Cleveland will beat everybody in '88," said Representative Miller, of Texas, to a Star reporter the other day. "Public opinion is in his favor and no one can beat him. If the election occurred this fall he would be elected by an immense majority." "Will he be strong in the convention?"

"Yes. Machine politicians can't suc-

politicians.-Washington Star. How Mrs. Pullman Travels.

PITTSBURG, PA., July 9.-Mrs. Geo. M. Pullman, wife of the palace car inventor, her four children, twelve servants, five went home. After this baptism they had one every week, and if there was simply a shake of the hand. In reply to had one every week, and if there was smally a small of the hand in the had and suppody what wasn't baptized he warn't the question if polygamy was practiced to any extent she shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and to any extent she are the shook her head and the shook her hea The car for the horses and carriage has scribe started on his weary way of thirty odd miles back over the hills to Decker-besides the berths, lockers and sitting town, having learned more about eastern | rooms of the grooms and hostlers. The Mormonism in twelve short hours than stalls are models of convenience and he had ever learned before in his life. equine comfort. Separate compartments Is there not a moral lurking somewhere are also arranged for the feed, hay, lamps and other articles required for the mons of the two or three hundred who horses and carriages. The private car is nothing to support such establish door jam of the horse stable. Behind once lived there are an old maid and an in which Mrs. Pullman travels is in imitation of a modern dwelling. Divans of more than Turkish luxuriousness occupy the corners and sides of the main room in the centre of the car, while reclining chairs, ottamans and easy chairs are scattered around. A magnificent cabinet organ is one of the handsomest orna. in '60, just before the war broke out, he Christian mother if it would be a sin for him ments of the drawing room. The dining

dozen good, ripe watermelons. The editor of the Union must be a colored brother. A dinners, balls and receptions! They and prevents that absolute physical and

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH.

WHAT A MILWAUKEE MAN THINKS OF THIS SECTION.

Affairs, Viewed Through the Spectacles of an

(Mobile Letter to the Milwaukee Journalist.) The long, lanky editor of a Northern paper, who went to Canada to dodge the lraft, insists that the rebel brigadiers are again in the saddle, ready for another assault on the Union. He whispers to those who will listen that the Southern man still hates his Northern brother spent six weeks looking for unconstructed citizens, without finding one. On the contrary, the visitor from the North is impressed with the cordiality which marks his reception here, and the spirit of National pride that is manifested. A spectacle not unfrequently be held is that of an ex-Confederate soldier, who gave one of his legs to feed Uncle gloomy and forbidding, has now become Sam's bullets, steadying himself with a crutch while he praises with generous gesticulation this great and glorious nation. I have not heard the late unpleasantness spoken of except when the subject was broached by a Northerner. Of course there are Bourbons here who can not understand that we have passed from the 60's to the 80's, but the average Southerner would fight for the Union

> it has certainly slept for twenty years, and is now straightening out its legs prepartory to going forth to learn what and where it is. It will find as much appiness and prosperity as Rip did at the end of the journey. There is no the left one can see fortunes; but there splendid country that bears no sign of weather. life. Immigration is the first great need; no effort has yet been made to secure new citizens. Is it likely people would go into such a frantic scramble to settle on Dakota blizzards if they knew of the advantages this section of country offers to men of small capital and day laborers? But the Northwest will be exhausted sooner or later, and the tide of immigration will flow Southward. Then, and not till then, shall we know the New South. It is not probable this metamor phosis will be completed early enough to

The story of the business life of the

benefit the present generation. The belief quite generally entertained by Northern people, that the negro is destined to act an important part in the development of the South, is fallacious. land sees nothing of her husband, but spends her time in reading, sewing, arceptions. The older negroes have not a constitution that social coptions. The older negroes have not a few of Jacobin oppression. "By what social coptions are constituted in the social coptions are constituted in the social coptions." About half a mile north from Perry's place is Lake Shipoong, where all the converts were baptized. It is quite a large body of water, considering the fact that it is on the highest point of the Blue Ridge range, over 1,900 feet above the level of the sea. The view from the lake level of the grander and the property and the grander and the grander and the property and the grander about the house, wandering the flowers, of which she is very fond. In the attic of the White House is a wonderful store of the White House is a wonderful store of the white House is a wonderful store of the things, and the young women have been overhauling them, dragging to light relics of Jeffersonian simplicity and Lacksonian severity and throwing them. is one of the grandest in world. Stand- Jacksonian severity and throwing them lord and merchant, the latter being the man from whom he buys meal and moa Mormon settlement. C. D. Abers was any supervision over the domestic affairs the darkeys, he lives in a small cabin

that has one room, a -big chimney and no windows. He spends no money for clothing; in fact a decently dressed negro is not a common sight. Where on earth they get the rags that partly cover their bodies is a mystery. It is fair to say I have seen 5,000 negroes, and every-one of them wore a hat which words can The New York Herald quotes from its not describe, and no two of them were alike. In foot-gear, particularly among the curly-headed denizens of Tennessee and Mississippi, they display fearful and wonderful ingenuity. The majority wrap rags around their feet, and do not re-

move or change them until warm weathis misrepresented. The negroes are extremely respectful and frequently affectionate in their conduct toward the white people. They have trouble with dozing and shot-gun rule are gross exaggerations. When the carpet-baggers were driven out stormy scenes were witnessed, but now elections are peaceable. The negroes do not exhibit the slightest interest in affairs of State. Thousands of them do not even know when an election will be held. When a Democrat (begging the Bourbons' pardon for call-ing Mr. Cleveland such) became President some of them were excited by pictures drawn by demagogues, but now they seem to regard the administration with favor. Alexander, the colored man who delivered Blaine campaign speeches in Wisconsin last year, died here this week. He was a hard character, accordstraight, two drinks of which is warranted to take the lining off the stomach of lic sentiment. With Mr. Carlisle second trafficked on his influence with his pec-

a cast-iron man. If he prefers to "buck the stone fence," he gets a big bowl of hard cider. All this is done for fifty cents.

Three miles from Brick House is Haynesville, the home of Miss Meyers, the only living female Mormon in Jertham of the following female Mormon in Jertham of She is about 80 years old, and is a ready it has got out of the control of the cont bondage. In judging them the reader must keep in mind the fact that for generations they have been oppressed. they will at once raise themselves to a position which humanitarians wish and

Socially the South shines. One can not imagine more charming people. Their homes were built for entertaining on a grand scale. The rooms are always large and the ceilings high. Each house cost a fortune originally, now you could buy it for a song. The handsomest place I have seen could be had for \$15,000 or glory, paintings that represented an expenditure of \$100,000 cover the walls. ments. The architecture of all the houses is severely plain; there is so little variation that the prospect soon becomes marks. This was designed to prevent monotonous. A feature is the bread galleries, with their immense pillars; nearly plowing.—Narristown Herald. every building has them.

hospitality. The people haven't as much money as we have in the North, but they know how to spend what they have better A New Orleans genileman said:

In these great houses there is room for

generally. Men idealize them. Their sway is absolute. The result is doubt-less beneficial. They try to live up to the standard which their male friends have set up for them-mortals that are but one step from heaven. "a link between a woman and an angel." Perhaps too great a part of their lives is spent in society; the stream of insincerity and flattery which is poured into gentleman of large affairs. their ears year in and year out is apt to wash away the freshness and simplicity which constitute woman's greatest charm. They read good books, and consequentcal ideas, and make the best of wives. ness about this time. Most of them are Their pale faces will not compare favorably with the rosy cheeks of Northern girls, in the eyes of Northern men at

ruthlessly destroys it is a fit subject for fine and imprisonment. The men do not average as well as the They lack energy and application, and possibly opportunity, although men ought to make-opportunities. Very few Very few of them still cling to the idea that work

Tuesday was the Mardi Gras festival. There is no holiday in the North like it. half the people wear masks and highly South is a sad ore. It may have been a guest at the Rip Van Winkle banquet;

little nonsense goes a long ways. Mobile has about 40,000 inhabitants, and is better off than many other Southlimit to its resources; to the right and ern cities. It is a delightful place for winter tourists, and as its fame spreads is nobody here to reach out his hand and throughout the West it will furnish wintake them. One rides through miles of ter homes for people who object to severe

AN EXILED NAPOLEON.

Prince Plon-Pion Tells a Truth or Two About

(From the London Spectator.) On the understanding that the Chamhis son and Prince Napoleon and his son and leave the other Princes within France, Prince Napoleon has published a protest, in which he makes mincement of the supporters of the scheme. "Orleans Prince," he says, "marries his daughter, and invites his friends to colebrate that event." That is not a crime. about the place where he stops. He is hill, as sure as preachin. "I had no connection with it; yet it is of about medium size and very well this which has suddenly transformed me formed. He is stouter than he used to seen colored children at school, and it is hard to realize that a human being can but few a Constitution drawn up by but from a Constitution drawn up by gray, and his hair is following suit. defend it, to soften international unfriendliness nor to procure an alliance." Proscription has commenced, and confiscation will come; then the partisans of | would probably have secured a seat in the Princes will be expelled, and then the United States Senate, for in point of the Chamber will be driven to the 'Loi des Suspects.'" It is all true, and Prince Napoleon might, had he chosen, have who appeared in Congress during reconproved his case by a final illustration. His cousin, the Emperor, was driven on that precise declivity beginning with the proscription of the Orleanist Princes, continuing with the confiscation of their property, and ending with the terrible Law of Public Safety, under which thousands of the best men in France were dines or apples: sent untried to Cavenne.

EUROPE REVISITED.

The Changes of Half a Century Which Dr. Holmes Is Seeing.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.) still boarded up when I was in London. The asphalt payement was not laid in Paris. The Obelisk of Luxor was lying in its great boat in the Seine, as I remember it. I did not see it erected; it must have been a sensation to have looked on, the engineer standing under-neath, so as to be crushed by it if it disgraced him by falling in the process. As for the dynasties which overlaid each other like Dr. Schliemann's Trojan cities, there is no need of moralizing over a history which, instead of Finis, is constantly ending with What next?

A Stable Fortified Against Witchcraft.

was engaged last week in tearing down It the cornice of a house near Schwenksis therefore not reasonable to expect that ville, he found a piece of pine wood six and a fourth inches long, whittled roughly into the form of a cylinder. Six holes were bored into the wood, three going entirely through, but having different diameters. In the largest hole stuck a pin cut from the same kind of wood. This instrument, it is explained, was used to prevent certain supposed wizards from carrying on their mysterious arts. The pin was placed in the different sized holes to impose upon the wizard differ-\$20,000. As evidence of its departed ent degrees of torture, and when placed in the largest hole it would infallibly kill. It was found sticking in that hole when the affair was discovered. A The grounds are acres wide and deep, when the affair was discovered. A most there wooden pin as also discovered. A when the affair was discovered. A most the pin was also discovered. A most pin as a lower pin of the affair was discovered. A most pin as a lower the pin was a lot of horse hair and a

A Certain Cure for Drunkneness.

efficient, is the "Certain Cure for Drunk- of County Commissioners extend; There is more cholera, says the Spring-field Union, in a pint of peanuts than in a

BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH. How It is Said to be Picking Up--A Noted Col-

New York is full of business just now. big merchant says that trade is much petter this menth than it has been for a ong time. An interesting incident of this increase of traffic was related by a "Much of our trade," said he, "at this

time of year comes from the South. You would be surprised at the number of Southern merchants who come North on ly are broad-minded. They have practi- a combination tour of pleasure and busishrewd buyers and are leaving good orders. Therefore at this season of the year, when we generally expect to be least. They ruin their complexions by dull, we are having a good, brisk trade. using powder; at a very early age their I can account for it upon no other theory faces are colorless. Congress might pass | than this is the time of year when Southern men find it most convenient and an anti-face powder act, on the ground profitable to come North to purchase that beauty is a gift from the gods for goods. This revival of Southern trade the lever of a locomotive. the benefit of mankind, and she who shows the prosperity of that region. Within the past two years it seems to have picked up wonderfully and there is women. They are able, but do not know a substance and fidelity about this trade how to make their talents serve them. that makes it profitable. The class of goods that go South has also changed wonderfully. They are buying more substantial goods than formerly, but at the same time of richer materials. Formis degrading, that a gentleman must be a erly the Southern trade demanded costly fabrics of a showy character-red, orange and figured goods predominating. Now they are taking more durable materials that the accident, or to be more correct of substantial colors. In fact, no trade Business is suspended, and the whole in this country has shifted so radically population appears on the streets. Fully | within the past five years as the Southern. The change has also given us an fantastic costumes, and are given due index to the reforms freedom has brought license in speech and manners. From about in the economic condition of that early morning until late at night they section. The way it looks now the South blow horns, dance, sing and play the will in a very few years be among our fool generally. They are better citizens choicest customers. But the goods they for the frolic; it revives their interest in buy will be a reflex of the broader life sober things, and convinces them that a that has come to that people, since the many are better off and the few are perhaps suffering or have suffered seriously from the disasters of war."

This business man had hardly stopped discoursing upon the past and present of Southern trade and Southern elements when a singular character appeared. It was Pinchback, of Louisiana. He was drifting around the corridors of the St. James Hotel, occasionally speaking to a man, but most of the time walking about as if in a half brown study. He is looking much older than ten years ago, when he had been elected United States Senator from Louisiana and was trying to get his seat, to which, by the way, he was as much entitled as was his colleague, Pitt Kellogg, or John Patterson, of South Carolina. But he is interesting now only as a reminder of the curiosities of reconstruction. You would never take him for a colored man as he walks about among the throng which drifts be while mingling in olitics, but does plenty of jewelry and eats and drinks of the best. If he had not been a colored man with a reputation for gambling he

The following is Mr. A. F. Broadwa-

pounds; mash the fruit, put into a 40 gallon barrel, then put in the sugar. Add water until the barrel is filled to within 6 inches of the bung, and shake the barrel until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Then cover the bung with some

"And do remember the night before how you asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still enough for you to step on?"

"Yes, dear."

waiting there about ten minutes I saw the balance of the train coming slowly down the grade with two or three of the crew holding their lights, not knowing what minute they would run into the

"Yes, dear."

"And still another night, when you carefully explained to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could lie down without holding on, and then attempted to go to bed on a perpendicular ever heard of. I could not do it again

come home sober but two nights in the past week?" "Have I, dear?" "That's all, and you ought to be shamed of yourself, too. The idea of a

"John, do you realize that you have

man of your age—. But, John—why, you're crying. There, there, dear, I idn't mean to be too severe. After all, on did come home sober two nights." "Yes, that's what makes me feel so

At the late term of the Court in Marion County, His Honor Judge Pressley made he following order in an important case. A citizen had been indicted for erecting and keeping a mill-dam, which it was alledged was a nuisance, in the neighborgood where it is located. Valued at \$5, and cortainly worth it if one of general interest, so far as the powers two years old, and ran through the thick "It appearing to the Court that there is

sole jurisdiction to abate such a nuisance is by law vested in the County Commissioners with a erash, sending a shower of sparks of said County: this Court has, therefore, | far into the heavens. no original jurisdiction in the matter and the indictment is ordered to be quashed."

"MAIDEN'S CREEK.

THE INTERESTING STORY OF AN OLI ENGINEER.

He Tells How He Crossed the Stream Running Fifty Miles on Hour to Keen Out of the Way of a Detached Box Car--- A Place Dreaded by Engineers---His Narrow Escape

"Yes," said an old engineer vesterday, talking to an interested group of listeners, "I have had some novel experiences, and some narrow escapes, too, since I began to pull the throttle of an engine. I stand before you, though, without a scratch, except a patched up arm."

Rolling up his sleeve he exposed to view an arm that looked, judging from the scar that remained, that it was at one time a very useful factor in pulling

"That was nearer a serious accident than any I've ever been in," continued the narrator, "but that ain't what I was going to tell you about." After the listeners had expressed their desire to hear his story, he refilled his pipe, and after deliberating a few minutes, said:

"It was on the Baltimore and Ohio about forty miles out of Toledo, Ohio, as to the nature of it. I will say, incident, occurred, for I can't say that it was an accident at all. It was the most novel, funny, and at the same time most dangerous experience that I ever witnessed. The place I speak of was called -let me see—it was called the "Maiden's den and guards as to what the prisoners Creek," and was a very beautiful place say and do while unemployed. to the tourist and pleasure seeker, but a noon hour, instead of the men being revery formidable place to the engineer turned to their cells, they are hustled prowho had as many as forty cars to pull. | miscuously into the corridors, where they The "Maiden's Creek" was spanned by a remain until called to their work. Here trestle about one hundred yards in huddled together, they eat that portion o length, and it was approached from the north by a grade of one hundred and ten feet, about two and a half miles in length, and one of about the same length, and steep in proportion, to To an enascend on leaving the creek. gineer with a moderately loaded train following him, it was necessary that he got a good start on his descent, in order to be able to clear the grade on the other side. We had orders from headquarters not to approach any trestle in gen-eral, and this one in particular, at a

greater speed than twenty miles an hour. Well, now, it would have been utterly impossible to go over that hill with an impetus of twenty miles per hour from the other side. As we were approacing this place, one night, my firemen said to me, 'George, you'll have to give 'er steam, or we'll camp over yonder on that said I. 'and I'm going to let her roll.' me in one day, for he had all day to do And I did let her roll, as sure as you're it? The whole country knows when we not wear enough flesh to make him gross. His full beard is growing very gray, and his hair is following suit. His whitening whiskers and locks make his olive complexion seem much lighter than it really is, and he would readily be spark of ambition. They live on a few dollars a year, and are lazy, shiftless and contented. I could learn of but few colored employers. We drove three miles into the country, in Mississippi, to see a specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the see as specimen of negro thrift. The fellow had rented ground and related for the seem much lighter than in provements have you justified your treatly is, and he would readily be taken taken for a well-to-do business going about fifty miles an hour. I thought we were climbing mighty easy, and the would readily be taken taken for a well-to-do business going about fifty miles an hour. I thought we were climbing mighty easy, and the would readily be taken taken for a well-to-do business from signing articles. If Sullivan really it really is, and he would readily be taken taken for a well-to-do business going about fifty miles an hour. I thing I remember was, we were about the search was a support of the search was a specimen of the search was a support o made the top of the grade, and started down another. Something told me that his having to give so much percentage to something was wrong, but I couldn't see anything. I was letting her roll down the grade at about fifteen or twenty an my case. I fought Mr. Sullivan seven hour, and as that 'something' kept tell- rounds, which is the longest fight and ing me that something was the matter, I | hardest he ever had, and I say distinctly sent my fireman back over the cars to that I fought him for all or nothing. see if anything was the matter, sure Mr. Sullivan got the money, but it took

enough. When he crossed twelve boxes three days for the so-called referee to dehe came to a halt. We had been dis- cide which was the winner." connected. By this time we were at a standstill. This was a predicament! About half way to the bottom of a steep grade, in the dark, disconnected, not knowing whether the other part of the General Lee's history which is not gentrain was coming down on us, or wheth- erally known in the North. He said that er it had failed to come over and had gone back the other way! We hadn't long to wait, however, for all at once we heard a terrible rattling, and then I knew that was the detached part of the companies of the close of the downfall of the Confederate Government there was a very general impression among the high officials of the Confederacy that General Lee intended to lose his life on the field.

After an interval of more than fifty years I propose taking a second look at some parts of Europe. This will give my readers of the Atlantic, as well as the writer, a vacation to which we both seem entitled. It is a Rip Van Winkle experiment which I am promising myself. The changes wrought by half a century in the countries I visited amount almost to a transformation. I left the England of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Phillipe, of Marshal

"Yes, dear."
"Do you remember coming home last night and asking me to throw you an assorted lot of key-holes out of the window so that you might find one large and steady enough to get your latch-key in?"
"Yes, dear."

"And the night before that, how you box car, or my engine. They came on tried to jump into the bed as it passed down, however, and we coupled up agaie and finished our trip without any more accidents.

"But I have always thought," continued the old engineer, "that was the most novel, as well as the most dangerous way of getting over a grade that I in a thousand years without smashing up property, and probably sacrifice life. Could I, boys?"

The unanimous answer was: "You are right, you couldn't."

A Placky Little Girl.

Belmont, Mass., July 7.—The dwelling house and stable of Edward Barry, a day aborer on the Fitchburg Railroad, was burned to the ground early yesterday morning. When the fire broke forth Mr Barry was walking upon the railroad track in the direction of home somewhat under the influence of liquor. In the house sleeping quietly were five children, the eldest of whom, Nellie, had just reached her tenth year. Ever since the death of her mother. which happened a short time ago, the little girl has served as housekeeper for he father and taken care of her smaller brothers and sisters. When the rear part of the smoke with it out upon the green sward. She then hastened back to carry forth nesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven an indictment for a nuisance alleged to be another, and so continued until she had the whole four securely nestled together in front of the burning building. Just as the fire department arrived the room in which the children had been sleeping fell through

> Awfully bored-Artesian wells. interest in your private affairs.

A DISGRACEFUL PICTURE. How the Inmates of the St. Louis Workhous

An afternoon paper in St. Louis, Mo. ublishes a long sensational article which laims to be a faithful report of the inside management of the St. Louis Workhouse. The gist of the publication is as follows: Nominally a prisoner is allowed 50 cents a day for his work, but by arbitrary and mean deductions this is reduced to 39 or 40 cents. For instance, no pay is given for Sunday, and one half of Saturday's pay is deducted to sustain the expense of the alleged superior food which is furnished on that day. Once a week all of the white prisoners, numbering about 200, are required to bathe in one tank 65 feet long rom which the water is never drawn until the whole number have washed themselves in it. Not a few of them are afflicted with disgusting diseases, while others are covered with ulcers and running sores, which are by means of the baths communicated to the unafflicted. The 50 negroes are required to bathe in the same manner, though in a fresh supply of water, and the whole 250 are furnished with but four towels The cells in which they are confined when not at work are 12 by 15 feet in size, and into each are crowded eight men. case of sickness the patient is placed in a cell of inferior accommodations, in which are also confined the insane patients and those of the newcomers for whom room

cannot be found or made in other cells. The food at the workhouse is inferior in quality and insufficient, the bread being too hard to eat and the coffee too weak to taste. The water given to the men to drink tle trough, and the stone workers in the quarries drink from the same bucket as the mules and horses. One of the wors features of the management is the laxity of discipline and the indifference of the wartheir dinner which they have been unable to consume while at the table, throw the refuse at each other, play cards, smoke, swear, fight and indulge in the use of disgusting language, all unrestrained by any offenders against the workhouse rules the writer says the prisoners may be either confined in the bull pen or dark cell or "strung The latter punishment consists of iging the offender up by the wrists and keeping him in this position until obedience

READY TO FIGHT SULLIVAN.

ninick McCaffrey Says the Champion Canno Whip Him.

In answer to John L. Sullivan's offer to box three men in one evening, Domiknow first is, how can Sullivan beat three 'I know that,' men in one night when he could not beat Sullivan is continually 'cracking' about

Mr. Reagan gives me a new fact in it. Soult, of Theirs, of Guizot. I went is from Manchester to Liverpool by the st new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. I looked upon England from the box of 2 stage coach, where it make vinegar.

Moved to Tears.

off. After the wine is ready to draw second, and in another one was going the pummace in the barrel and add a few pounds of common sugar or molasses and fill the barrel with water; let stand to make vinegar.

Moved to Tears.

off. After the wine is ready to draw second, and in another one was going down at a fearful rush, pursued by that empty box car. While going down I thought of a plan by which I could stop the car without serious damage. I would to make vinegar.

Moved to Tears.

Moved to Tears. was the view of the Southern leaders then and is still believed by many .-

is a disgrace to civilization. Convicts are dressed in coarse plaid cloth with their names printed on their backs in large let-ters. Every few days we see them on the railroad cars, chained around their necks with heavy irons, going out to some farm or wood camp, and very often we see them coming into the walls from these outside camps pale and sick, but invariably they are adorned with heavy chains locked securely around their necks. In many instances they are required to sleep with chains around their legs for weeks, and week months. even months. The convicts within the walls are treated kindly enough, and stand a chance to return to their families as good men as when convicted, if not better.—Rusk

(Texas) Strandard.

Breeders of Fancy Loultry and Blooded Dogs in South Carolina, take notice. The next annual exhibition and bench show will take place at Atlanta, Ga., January 15-22nd, 1887. 'hose desiring to compete for prizes at this show or to have their fowls scored by the most noted poultry judge in the United States, (B. N. Pierce,) will please send in their names to W. A. Schreck, Camber S. C. Willer, D. W. A. Schrock, Camden, S. C., Vice President house was nearly consumed Nellie was of the Association for this State. South awakened by a falling timber. Without Carolina should make a creditable exhibit The decision is waiting to dress she caught up the baby, at this show, and we trust that the breeders there will not disappoint our expectations. The interest in fancy poultry culture is rapidly increasing, and the South must fall nto line. Premiun lists of the show will

be furnished in due time. R. J. FISHER, Sec'y., Athens, Tene.

The only thing that can make money without advertising—the mint. Do be reticent; the world at large has no